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A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF THE

*Temple of Venus, &c.*

[Price One Shilling.]

Not in stall.



Temple of News &c.

[Price One Shilling.]



A  
DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
Temple of VENUS,  
A T <sup>7K</sup>  
C N I D U S.

With the Pastoral Amours of  
A R I S T Æ U S,  
And the Son of  
A N T I L O C H U S.

To which is added,  
*Cupid sleeping in the Idalian Grove.*

---

Translated, from the *Paris* Original,  
By J. LOCKMAN.

---

—*Venus è tota gente tributa petat.*

Ovid. Epist.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by THO. EDLIN, at the *Prince's-  
Arms*, over-against *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*.  
MDCCXXVI.

DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
Temple of Venus.

CWIDUS

With the Poetical Account of  
ARISTEUS

And the Son of  
ANTILLOCHUS.

Now sleeping in the Island Grove.

---

Translated from the Poet's Original  
By A. LOCKMAN

---

Printed and Sold by T. B. B. at the  
Old. B. B.

---

L O N D O N  
Printed and Sold by T. B. B. at the  
Old. B. B. in the Strand.  
MDCCLXXVI

## THE

## PREFACE.

**A** French Ambassador at the Turkish Court, distinguish'd by his Taste in polite Writings, lought up several Greek Manuscripts, and brought them with him into France. Some of 'em falling accidentally into my Hands, among 'em I found the Original, with the Translation of which I now present the Reader.

vi      ~~The~~ P R E F A C E.

*Few Greek Poems have been transmitted to us; whether it be owing to the fatal Destruction of so many Libraries, or to the Negligence of those Families that had 'em in their Possession.*

*We now and then recover some of those valuable Pieces. Some Works have been found even in the Tombs of their Authors; and what is almost the same thing, the following Manuscript was found among the Books of a Greek Bishop.*

*This Poem is different from any thing of the Kind, now extant; nevertheless the Rules which the Authors of the Art of Poetry have copied from Nature, are exactly observ'd in it.*

*The*

## The PREFACE. vii

The Description of Cnidus, which we meet with in the first Canto, is so much the happier, as it gives a Kind of Birth to the Poem ; it not being a necessary Embellishment of the Subject, but an essential Part of it ; very different from those Descriptions, which the Ancients have so much condemn'd, that are far-fetch'd, and foreign to the Subject.

*Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus & alter  
Assuitur Pannus.*—————

Horace.

————— *When a few florid Lines  
Shine thro' th' inspid Dulness of the rest.*

Roscommon.

The Episodes in the second and third Canto, do also arise from the Subject ;



viii      The P R E F A C E.

*Subject; and the Poet is so happy in the artful Texture of his Poem, that the Ornaments are also essential Parts of it.*

*He has employ'd no less Art in the fourth and fifth Canto. The Poet, who was to have made Aristæus tell the Story of his Amours with Camilla, does not make the Son of Antilochus repeat his Adventures, till the Moment of his seeing Themiris, in order to introduce a greater variety in his Descriptions.*

*The Story of Aristæus and Camilla, is particular in this, that it is entirely made up of the most passionate Sentiments.*

*The*

The P R E F A C E. ix

*The Plot is laid in the sixth Canto, and the Discovery is happily made in the seventh, by a single Glance from Themiris.*

*The Poet does not give us the particulars of Aristæus and Camilla's Reconciliation; he just gives us a Hint of it, that we may know it has been made; but goes no farther, to prevent his falling into a vicious Uniformity.*

*The Design of this Poem is to prove, that our Happiness does not consist in those Pleasures that are administred to us by the Senses, but in the Sentiments of the Heart; and that, nevertheless, our Felicity is never so perfect, as to be incapable of being ruffled by particular Accidents.*  
The

x The P R E F A C E.

*The Reader is desir'd to take Notice, that we have not distinguish'd the Cantos in the Translation, and that because no such distinction is made in the Greek Manuscript, which is a very old one. We thought it sufficient to Point the Cantoes by a particular Mark.*

*We neither know the Author's Name, nor the Age he liv'd in; all that we are certain of is, that he did not live before Sapho, since he mentions her in his Poem. There is even room to believe that he was prior to Terence, who seems to have imitated a Passage that is at the End of the second Canto; for our Author does not appear to have been a Plagiary; whereas Terence has stole so much from the Greeks, as even*

*to*

The P R E F A C E. xi

to form one of his Comedies from two of Menander's.

*I had Thoughts, at first, to have accompanied the Translation with the Original, but was advis'd to print it apart, and to wait for the Notes that a very learned Person is now preparing, and which will soon be ready for the Press.*

*I can assure the Reader that I have been very faithful in the Translation, being persuaded that it wou'd be impossible for me to add any Beauties to the Original ; and have, sometimes, made use of that turn of Words which was not the most proper, when I thought it wou'd render the Author's Sense more exactly.*

A

The F. R. S. A. O. E.

to form one of his Comedies from  
no of Memoranda.

I had thought it best to have  
recommenced the translation with the  
Original, but was obliged to print  
it again, and to wait for the Notes  
that I may be able to print it more  
correctly, and which will soon be  
sent for the Press.

I can assure the Reader that I  
have been very faithful in the trans-  
lation, being persuaded that it would  
be impossible for me to add any Beau-  
ties to the Original; and page, some-  
times, made use of that term of  
art which was not the most pro-  
per, when I thought it would ren-  
der the Author's style more exactly.

A



A

## DESCRIPTION

O F T H E

*Temple of Venus, &c.*

**V**ENUS chuses to reside at *Cnidus*, rather than at *Paphos* or *Amathus*, and never descends from *Olympus* without visiting the *Cnidians*. She has accustom'd this happy People so much to the Sight of her, that they are no more struck with that sacred Horror, which the Presence of a Deity inspires. She sometimes veils herself with a Cloud, when the divine Odours issuing from her Hair perfum'd with Ambrosia, confess the Goddess.

The City is situated in the midst of a Country, on which the Gods have lavished their greatest Blessings. The In-

B

habitants

habitants enjoy an eternal Spring; the happy Fertility of the Soil even prevents the utmost of their Wishes; the whole Island is cover'd with innumerable Herds of Cattle. The Winds seem to reign there, purely to waft around Scents, like to those that exhale from the sweetest Flowers. The Birds perpetually delight with their Musick; one wou'd even conclude that the inanimate Woods were harmonious. The Rivulets murmur thro' the Plains, a gentle Warmth adorns the whole Face of Nature with the most beautiful Bloom. In a Word, Pleasure is drawn in with every Breath.

At a little Distance from the City is the Palace of *Venus*, *Vulcan* himself was the Architect, and laid the Foundations of it: He erected it purely to please his beautiful false-One; and in order to blot from her Mind, how cruelly he had expos'd her to the Laughter of all the Gods.

It wou'd be impossible for me to give you so much as an Idea of the Charms of this Palace; the Graces only can  
paint

Temple of VENUS, &c. 3

paint what themselves have created. Gold, Azure and Diamonds blaz'd in every Part : But this is describing the Riches, not the Beauty of it.

The Gardens are enchanting ; *Flora* and *Pomona* have made 'em their immediate Care. Their Nymphs are ever busied in the dressing of 'em. A new Succession of Fruits arises under the Hand of the Gatherer ; Flowers spring up after the Fruits. When *Venus*, surrounded by her *Cnidans*, is walking in 'em, one wou'd imagine that in their wanton Sports, they wou'd destroy those delicious Gardens ; but by a secret Virtue the Loss of every Plant and Flower is beautifully repair'd in an Instant.

*Venus* is pleas'd to see the untaught *Cnidan* Maids mingle in the Dance, her Nymphs do also join in it ; the Goddess, laying aside her Majesty, has her Share in their Sports ; seated in the midst of 'em, she beholds Joy and Innocence reigning in each happy Breast. At a considerable Distance a spacious Mead presents itself to the Eye, enamel'd with a thousand Flowers, which

are gather'd by the Shepherd, accompany'd with his lovely Sheperdess ; but that which she plucks is always the most beautiful, and he believes that *Flora* herself had rais'd it purposely for her. The Mead is water'd by the River *Cepheus*, who wantons about it with a thousand Windings. He stops the fugitive Shepherdesses, who are forced to give the tender Kifs they had promis'd.

Whenever the Nymphs draw near his Banks, he ceases to flow ; and the fleeting Wave no more pursues its rapid Course, now stopt by others that are fix'd in Admiration at the Splendour of her Charms. But he is still more passionate whenever any one of the lovely Number bathes herself in his Flood. His Waters wind 'emselves about her ; he sometimes raises himself up, purposely to clasp her with a more strict Embrace ; he lifts her up, flies, and drags her away with him. Upon this her frighted Companions begin to weep ; but he supports her with his Billows, and charm'd with so delightful a Burden, wafts her down  
the



## Temple of VENUS, &c. 5

the liquid Plain, till at length incomfortable at the Thoughts of parting from her, he bears her gently to the Bank, and revives her afflicted Companions.

On the Side of the Mead is a Myrtle Grove, grac'd with an infinite Number of mazy Walks, 'tis in these the Lovers sigh out to each other their amorous Pain. *Cupid*, who takes delight in amusing 'em, always leads 'em thro' the most unfrequented Paths.

Not far from hence is an ancient and sacred Grove, whose tufted Foliage does scarce admit the Day-light. Oaks, that appear Immortal, bear to the Heavens a Head that disappears from the weaken'd-Eye. We are seized with a religious Horror, and wou'd imagine it to have been the Mansion of the Gods, before Man was yet risen from his native Earth.

As soon as a Gleam of Light begins to discover the still doubtful Way, we go up a little Hill, on which is situated the *Temple of Venus*; the Universe cannot boast a Place more holy or more sacred.



'Twas in this Temple that *Venus* first beheld *Adonis*, the Poison insinuated itself into the Heart of the Goddess. What, said she, shall I adore a Mortal! alas! I am but too sensible that I adore him, and tho' he is no longer my Votary, yet is *Adonis* the only Deity in *Cnidus*.

'Twas from this Place that she sent for the Loves, when stung with a rash Challenge, she consulted 'em, in Concert with the Graces; she was still dubious whether she shou'd expose her naked Charms to the prying Eye of the *Trojan* Shepherd. She conceal'd her Girdle beneath her dishevel'd Hair. Her Nymphs perfum'd her; when mounting her Chariot, drawn by Swans, she was soon wafted to *Phrygia*. The Shepherd was divided between *Juno* and *Pallas*; he cast an Eye upon *Venus*, and his Glances were languishing, dying. The golden Apple fell at the Feet of the Goddess. He wou'd have spoke---when his Confusion put an End to the Contest.

'Twas in this Temple that young *Psyche* came together with her Mother.

Temple of VENUS, &c. 7

ther. *Cupid*, who was flying around the gilded Roof, was himself shot with one of her Glances. He felt all those Pangs with which he disturbs the mortal Breast: 'Tis thus, says he, I wound, I am no longer able to support my Bow and Arrows. He sunk on *Psyche's* Breast: Alas! says he, I begin to feel that I am the God of Pleasure.

We no sooner enter the Temple, but the Heart is fill'd with a secret Charm, impossible to be express'd; the Soul is seiz'd with those ravishing Impulses, which the Gods are sensible of only in their Celestial Habitations: Every Thing smiling in Nature, is united to all that Art has been able to invent, either truly noble, or worthy of the Gods.

No less than an immortal Hand cou'd have embellish'd it with Pictures that seem to breathe. We there see the Birth of *Venus*; the Extasy the Gods were in that beheld it; her Confusion when she saw herself naked; and that Bashfulness, the Chief of the Graces.

We

We there behold the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus*. The Painter has drawn the God with an haughty Aspect, that strikes Terror in the Beholder, sitting in his triumphal Car ; Fame hovers over him ; Fear and Death march before his Cour-sers, cover'd, with Foam. He rushes in- to the thickest of his Foes, when a Cloud of Dust begins to steal him away from our Sight. On another Side, we behold him languishingly reclin'd upon a Rosy Couch, and smiling upon *Venus*. The God wou'd be unknown, were it not for a few remaining Features that point out his Divinity. Pleasures are weaving Garlands, with which they bind the happy Lovers ; they seem to mingle Souls thro' their Eyes ; their Breasts heave with Sighs, and fix'd on each others Beauties, the little Loves wanton around 'em unperceiv'd.

In an Apartment separate from the rest, the Painter has represented the Nuptials of *Venus* and *Vulcan* ; in it he has assembled the whole Celestial Court ; the God appears less gloomy, but as pensive as usual. The Goddess looks

Temple of VENUS, &c. 9

looks down upon the general Joy, with a cold and disdainful Air; she carelessly holds out her Hand to him, which at the same time seems to steal itself away; she removes her Eyes from an Object that is disagreeable to 'em, and turns about to the Graces.

In another Picture we see *Juno* performing the Marriage Ceremony. *Venus* takes the Cup, and the Oath of Eternal Fidelity to *Vulcan*; at this the Gods smile, but *Vulcan* listens to her with Pleasure.

On the other Side, we see the impatient God dragging after him his Divine Spouse; her Resistance is so great, that one wou'd be apt to mistake it for the Rape of *Proserpine*, if 'twere possible for the Eye to be ever deceived, that beholds *Venus*.

A little farther, we see him hurrying away the reluctant Goddess to the Nuptial Bed. The Gods crowd after 'em, *Venus* struggles, and would feign escape his tumultuous Embraces; her Robe flies from off her Knees, her Veil waves in the Wind; but *Vulcan* soon repairs



repairs the beautiful Disorder, more assiduous to conceal her Charms, then ardent to seize 'em.

We at length behold him laying her on the Bed, which *Hymen* had prepar'd for 'em, he draws the Curtains round, and vainly flatters himself to enjoy her a whole Eternity, in that sweet Enclosure. The importunate Crowd withdraw, to the great Satisfaction of *Vulcan*. The Goddesses frolick with one another, but the Gods appear with a sorrowful and dejected Air. The Grief that sits on the Countenance of *Mars*, has something in it as gloomy as black Jealousy.

The Goddess charm'd with the Magnificence of her Temple, was resolv'd to establish her own Worship there; 'twas she that regulated the Ceremonies, appointed the Festivals, so that she is at the same Time the Divinity and the Priestess.

The Worship that is paid her in almost every Place, may rather be called a Profanation than a religious Service: She has Temples where all the Maidens of the City prostitute 'emselves in her Honour,



## Temple of VENUS, &c. 11

Honour, and get Portions with the Profits arising from their mock-Devotions. There are others, where every married Woman goes once in her Life, and abandons herself to the first that singles her out, and lodges the Money she has receiv'd in the Sanctuary. We meet with others, in which the Courtezans of every Country, who are more esteem'd than the Matrons, present their Offerings. In fine, we find others where the Men emasculate 'emselves, disguise 'emselves in Women's Apparel, and serve in the Sanctuary; devoting to the Goddess, the Sex they have quitted, and that which it will be impossible for 'em ever to have.

But *Venus* was resolv'd that the People of *Cnidus* should enjoy a more pure and uncorrupt Form of Worship, and pay her Honours more suitable to her Divinity. The Sacrifices here are Sighs, and the Offerings a tender Heart. Every Lover addresses his Vows to his Mistress, and the Goddess receives them in her stead.

Where-

Where-ever they meet with Beauty, they adore her as much as they do *Venus*, for Beauty is as divine as the Goddesses. The Love-sick Heart enters the Temple, and begs the Goddesses to melt it still more.

Such as are oppress'd with the Rigours of their Mistress, sigh out their amorous Woe in the Temple; when they find an immediate Relief from their Anguish, and feel a delusive Hope sweetly insinuating itself into their Hearts.

The Goddess who has promis'd to crown every faithful Lover with Happiness, dispenses it always in Proportion to their Sufferings.

We may be jealous, but ought to conceal it. We secretly adore the Freaks of our Mistress, as so many Decrees of the Gods, which become more just, when we dare to complain of 'em.

The Fire, the Transports of Love, and even Fury itself, are rank'd among the Divine Dispensations; for the less a Mortal possesses his Heart, the more it is related to the Goddesses.

Such

Temple of VENUS, &c. 13

Such as have not devoted their Hearts are accounted Profane, and are not admitted into the Temple; they direct their Prayers to the Goddess at a Distance, and intreat her to free 'em from that Liberty, which is nothing but an Impotence to form soft Desires.

The Goddess inspires the blooming Maids with Modesty, and gives them an Esteem proportionable to the Value that lavish Fancy sets upon 'em.

But in these happy Abodes they have never blush'd at a sincere Passion, a genuine Sentiment, or a tender Confession: The Heart itself always fixes the happy Moment of yielding; but to yield, and not to Love, is thought the highest Profanation. *Cupid* is assiduously attentive to the Happiness of the *Cnidaans*, and chuses himself the Arrows with which he wounds their Breasts. Whenever he beholds an afflicted Maid, pining thro' the Rigour of her Lover, he employs a Shaft steep'd in the Waters of the River *Lethe*. When he sees two Lovers, newly inspir'd with a growing Passion, he is continually pouring out new Darts upon  
C em.

'em. When he perceives a Passion upon the Decline, he suddenly revives it, or makes it die away ; for he always compassionates the last Moments of a languishing Flame: We get rid of a Passion, without passing thro' a Series of Distastes ; but we forget a lesser, when bless'd with a greater Happiness.

*Cupid* has purg'd his Quiver of those cruel Darts, with which he wounded *Phædra* and *Ariadne* ; these blended with Love and Hatred are the Emblems of his Power, as *Thunder* confesses the Empire of *Jove*, *Venus* dispenses the Graces, in Proportion to the Love the God inspires a Heart with.

The Maids enters every Day into the Sanctuary to direct their Prayers to *Venus*. They there express their Passion in Words, as genuine as the Heart from which they flow. Oh Queen of *Amathus*, says one of 'em, my Flame for *Thyrsis* is extinguish'd ! I do not implore of thee to renew my Passion ; *Ixiphile's* Love is all I sigh for !

Another whisper'd in the softest Language : Powerful Goddess, inspire me with



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with Strength sufficient to conceal my Passion some Time from the Shepherd I love, to make my Confession of it the more meritorious.

Goddeſs of *Cytherea*, ſays another, I ſeek the unfrequented Shade; the Sports of my Companions no longer pleaſe; 'tis owing perhaps to Love, alas! if I do love, it can be *Daphnis* only.

Upon ſolemn Days the Youths of both Sexes meet there to ſing Hymns in Honour of *Venus*. When they chaunt their Loves, her Glory often has its Part in the Harmony.

A young *Cnidian* holding his Miſtreſs by the Hand, ſung thus-----When thou *Cupid* didſt caſt thy Glances upon *Psyche*, the Arrows thou then didſt wound thyſelf with, were undoubtedly the ſame as thoſe thou haſt juſt now darted into my Breſt: Thy Happineſs and mine were alike, for thou didſt feel my Fires, and I have taſted thy Pleaſures.

My Eyes have been Witneſſes of all I deſcribe, I have been at *Cnidus*, I ſaw



*Themiris* there and lov'd her; I saw her again, and improv'd my Passion. I will stay with her for ever at *Cnidus*; but alas! what will become of me if *Venus* shou'd take her from me, and add her to the Graces.

We will go into the Temple, which has never yet, nor ever will, receive so faithful a Lover: We will go to the Palace of *Venus*, and I will imagine it to be the Palace of *Themiris*: I'll go to the Mead, and gather Flowers, which I will stick in her Bosom. I may, perhaps, have an Opportunity of leading her to the Grove, and when we have wandred to the most lonely Part of it, I'll give her a balmly Kiss, and this Kiss will embolden me to-----but Love that inspires my Breast, forbids me to reveal his Mysteries.

There is at *Cnidus* a sacred Cavern, inhabited by the Nymphs, whence the Goddess pronounces the Oracles, the Ground does not tremble beneath our Feet, nor does the Hair stand erect. There is not here a Priestess as at *Delphos*, where *Apollo* inspires the *Pythian* Maid.

Temple of VENUS, &c. 17

Maid ; but *Venus* herself condescends to hear the supplicating Mortals, without eluding either their Hopes or their Fears.

A *Cretan* Coquet made a Visit to the *Cnidans* ; she walk'd surrounded with all the Youths of the Country ; she smil'd sweetly upon one, whisper'd another, lean'd upon a third, and call'd out upon two others to follow her. She was beautiful and artfully adorn'd ; her Tongue was deceitful as her Eyes. Heavens, how did she alarm the Breast of every sincere Lover ! she presented herself to the Oracle with an Air as haughty as if she had been a Goddess ; when immediately we heard a Voice issuing forth from the Sanctuary.-----

*Perfidious Wretch, how darest thou employ thy Artifices in those Places, where I reign with uncorrupted Integrity ! soon shall my fiercest Vengeance fall on thy devoted Head : I will never change the Impulses of thy Heart : Thou shalt beckon every Man thou meetest with ; he shall fly thee like a*  
C 3 *Plaintive*

*Plaintive Shade, and thou shalt die  
universally despis'd and rejected.*

A Courtezan of *Nocretis* presented herself afterwards, equipp'd with all the dazzling Spoils of her deluded Lovers: Be gone, said the Goddess, thou art mistaken, if thou dost vainly flatter thyself to be the Glory of my Empire: 'Tis true, thy Beauty informs us, that Pleasure is a real Being, but it's far from bestowing it: Thy Heart was form'd of the hardest Flint; so that were my Son to come before thee, it would be impossible for thee to love him. Be gone, and lavish thy Favours upon the worthless Part of Mankind, that sue for, and afterwards distaste 'em. Be gone, and shew 'em those delusive Charms, that flash upon us for a Moment, and vanish away for ever. Thou art fit for nothing but to bring my Power into universal Contempt.

Some Time after one of the King of *Lydia's* Tax-gatherers presented himself. Thou dost sue for a Favour, says the Goddess, which I, tho' the Goddess of Love, cannot possibly grant thee:

We

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Thou dost purchase Beauties in order to love 'em; but thou dost not love 'em because they are thy Purchase; but thy Treasures will have this Use, they will distaste thee of every Thing that is most lovely in Nature.

A Youth of *Doridis*, *Aristaus* by Name, was the next that address'd the Oracle, he had seen the charming *Camilla* at *Cnidus*; he lov'd her to Distraction, and felt the Excess of his Passion, and was come to interceed with *Venus* to increase it.

I know thy Heart, reply'd the Goddess, thou art form'd for Love, and I have found *Camilla* worthy of thee; I might have given her to the greatest Monarch of the Universe; but a Shepherd deserves her more than a King.

I afterwards appear'd, accompany'd with the lovely *Themiris*. There is not, says the Goddess to me, a Mortal in all my Empire that pays me a more submissive Homage than thou dost: But what can I do for thee? It will be impossible for me either to make thee more amorous, or *Themiris* more charming.



(charming. Ah! powerful Goddess, says I, I have a thousand, thousand Things to implore.----- Grant that I may be the sole Object of *Themiris's* Thoughts; that she may be pleas'd with me only: May awake from a Dream that I alone have been the Subject of; may fear to lose me when with her, and wish for me when absent; that charm'd always with my Presence, she may still regret the Moments she has pass'd without me.

There are at *Cnidus* certain Games which the Inhabitants renew annually. The Women assemble there from all Parts, to contend for the Prize allotted to Beauty. There the Daughter of a King mingles undistinguish'd with the Shepherdess, for Beauty is the only Characteristick of Empire. *Venus* presides there in Person, and decides without Hesitation, well knowing the propitious Mortal, to whom she has been most liberal of her Favours.

*Helen* frequently bore away this Prize; she triumph'd when *Theseus* had made her his Conquest; she triumph'd when  
stolen



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stolen by the Son of *Priam*: In fine, she triumph'd when the Gods had restor'd her to *Menelaus*, after ten long Years of Hope. Thus this King, in the Judgment of *Venus* herself, was as happy a Husband, as *Theseus* and *Paris* had been happy Lovers.

There came thirty *Corinthian* Maids, whose Hair fell in large Ringlets upon their Shoulders. Ten came from *Salamis*, over whose Head the Sun had not run above thirteen times his Course. Fifteen came from the Island of *Lesbos*, who said to one another--- I perceive an Emotion in all my Senses; your Charms are superiour to every Thing in Nature; if *Venus* beholds you with my Eyes, she will crown you in the midst of all the Beauties of the Universe.

Fifty Women came from *Miletus*, the lovely White of their Complexions, and the exact Regularity of their Features were surprizingly beautiful; all either discover'd, or promis'd a beautiful Body; and the Gods that form'd 'em, cou'd not possibly have made Beings

ings more worthy of 'em, had they not been more sollicitous to bestow Perfections, than Graces upon 'em.

There came an hundred Women from the Island of *Cyprus*, we have, said they, pass'd away the Bloom of Life in the Temple of *Venus*; we have devoted our Virginity, nay, our Modesty to her, we are not ashamed of our Charms; our Carriage sometimes bold, and always free, ought to more than recompence us for the Want of a Bashfulness that fills with continual Alarms.

I saw the Daughters of haughty *Lacedæmon*, their Robes hung very lasciviously about 'em, from the Girdle downward; they nevertheless acted the Prude, and stiffly maintained that they violated the sacred Laws of Modesty, purely for their Country's sake.

Thou Sea, famous for numberless Shipwrecks! you were indeed capable of preserving a precious Charge! you calm'd your Billows when *Jason's* Vessel bore away the golden *Fleece* upon your glassy Surface; but when fifty Beauties embark'd from *Colchos*, and entrusted

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trusted themselves to your Care, your Waves yielded beneath the beautiful Burden.

I saw also *Oriana* with a God-like Air! all the *Lydian* Beauties surrounded their Queen; she had sent two hundred blooming Maidens before her, who had presented an Offering of two hundred Talents to *Venus's* Shrine. *Candaules* was also there, more distinguish'd by his Passion than his Purple. He pass'd away whole Days and Nights in devouring the Beauties of the lovely *Oriana*; his unwearied Eyes wander'd over her numberless Charms: Alas! says he, 'tis true I am happy, but then *Venus* and myself only are conscious of it: How much greater would my Felicity be if it created Envy! Beauteous Queen, lay aside these superfluous Ornaments; let fall that importunate Veil, display your Charms to the admiring Universe, regard not the Prize of Beauty, and command Altars.

Not far from thence were twenty *Babylonish* Maidens, dress'd in Purple Robes embroider'd with Gold; they vainly imagin'd

imagin'd that their Luxury enhanc'd their Merit. Some of 'em had brought as a Proof of their Beauty, the Wealth it had purchas'd.

I beheld, a little farther, an hundred *Ægyptian* Women, with Eyes and Hair black as Jet: Their Husbands who were near 'em said----- The Laws to honour *Isis* make us subordinate to you, but your Beauty has a greater Ascendant over us than the Laws; we obey you as chearfully as the Gods; we are the most happy Slaves in the Universe. Our Duty is a Proof of our Fidelity; but Love only can assure us of yours.

Be less affected with the Glory you will acquire at *Cnidus*, than with the winning Homage that will be paid in your Houses by your easy, good-natur'd Husbands; who whilst you are employ'd in Affairs abroad, are oblig'd calmly to wait for, in the midst of your Families, the Heart you bring back to 'em.

There came Women from that mighty City, that sends her Ships to the Extremities of the Universe. Their proud



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proud Heads were oppress'd with the Weight of their pompous Ornaments. Every Country seem'd to have contributed to their Dress. Half a Score Beauties came from that Part of the World, that first beholds the tender Dawn; they were Daughters of *Aurora*, and always rose before her, purposely to get a Sight of her Charms. They were angry at the Sun for chasing their Mother from the Sky; and were dissatisfy'd at their Mother, for equally indulging the rest of Mortals with the Sight of her Beauties.

I saw an *Indian* Queen seated beneath a Tent, surrounded with her Daughters, whose early Bloom promis'd one Day, to rival their Mother's Loveliness; she was attended by Eunuchs with down-cast Eyes; for their horrid Melancholy was return'd with redoubled Fury, from the Moment they first breath'd the *Cnidian* Air.

The Women of *Cadiz*, seated at the Extremity of the Earth, contended for the Prize: Homage is paid to Beauty in every Part of the habitable World;

D

but



but nothing less than the most submissive Homage can satisfy an ambitious Fair.

The Daughters of *Cnidus* were the next that presented 'emselves; their Beauty was devoid of Ornament; nor Pearls, nor Rubies, but the Graces were their Embellishments. The Gifts of *Flora* were the only Attire for their Heads, but this made 'em more worthy of the Embraces of *Zephyrus*; the only Merit of their Robe was, that it discover'd a lovely Shape, and had been spun by their own Hands.

The blooming *Camilla* was not seen among these Beauties; she had said, I will not contend for the Prize of Beauty; thrice happy, that I appear lovely in the Eyes of my dear *Aristæus*!

*Diana* made these Places famous by her Presence; she was not come there to contend for the Prize, for a Goddess never condescends to dispute for Perfections with a Mortal. I beheld her alone and she was beautiful as *Venus*; I saw her standing near *Venus*, and she was but *Diana*.

There

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There never had been so magnificent a Spectacle there before; numberless Multitudes of People were assembled from all Parts; the Eye wandred from one Nation to another, from the setting of the Sun to his rising, so that *Cnidus* appear'd to be the Universe.

The Gods have distributed Beauty among the Nations, as Nature has distributed it among the Goddesses; there we behold the imperious Beauty of *Pallas*; here the Grandeur and Majesty of *Juno*; beyond that, the Simplicity of *Diana*, the Delicacy of *Thetis*, the Charm of the Graces, and sometimes the Smile of *Venus*.

Every Nation seem'd to express its SKILL after a peculiar Manner, and each Woman to endeavour to elude the enchanted Eye; for some expos'd their graceful Necks to View, and conceal'd their Shoulders; others discover'd their Shoulders and hid their Necks; such as stole away a Foot, made amends by some other Charm; and there they blush'd, at what was here look'd upon as Decency.

The Gods are so charm'd with *Themiris*, that they never look upon her without smiling upon their Work. *Venus* is the only Goddess that views her with an Eye of Delight, and whom the Gods do not rally for being a little jealous.

As a Rose is particularly remarkable in the Midst of a Bed of Flowers, that spring up in the tender Grass; so did *Themiris* shine with distinguish'd Lustre in this Circle of Beauties. They had not Time sufficient to become her Rivals. Her Charms prevail'd before they were possess'd with any Apprehensions. She no sooner appear'd, but *Venus* fix'd her attentive Eyes upon her only. She call'd to the Graces, go, says she, and set the Crown upon her Head; of all the Beauties I behold, she is the only one that resembles you.

Whilst *Themiris* was employ'd with her Companions in the Worship of the Goddess, I struck into a solitary Wood, and there found the tender *Aristæus*: We had seen one another the Day we went to consult the Oracle; that alone was  
Motive

Temple of VENUS, &c. 29

Motive sufficient for us to engage in Conversation; for *Venus* infuses into every Heart, that comes into the Presence of a *Cnidan*, the secret Charm that two Friends find, when after a tedious Absence, they grasp with longing Arms the Object of their Anguish.

All in Raptures at this Meeting we found we were going to exchange Hearts; gentle Friendship seem'd to be descended from Heaven, and come to inhabit among us. We told over a thousand Passages of our past Lives, which, to the best of my Remembrance, are as follows :

I was born at *Cibaris*, where *Antilochus*, my Father, was one of the Priests of *Venus*. In this City they make no Distinction between Luxury and Necessity; they banish all such Arts as disturb the peaceful Slumber. A Reward is bestowed on all such as are fruitful at inventing new Scenes of Voluptuousness; the Citizens remember only such Buffoons as have diverted 'em with their Folly, but have forgot even the



very Names of those Magistrates that once were their Governours.

They abuse the Fertility of the Soil, that produces an eternal Abundance; the peculiar Favour of the Gods to the People of *Cibaris*, serves to no other Purpose than to heighten their Luxury, and flatter their Softness.

The Men are so very effeminate; their Dress differs so little from that of their Women; they work up a Complexion, and curl their Hair with so much Art; they throw away so much Time, in correcting each Air and Feature at the Glass, that one wou'd be apt to conclude there was but one Sex in the whole City.

The Women rather throw 'emselves into the Arms, than yield reluctantly to the Embraces of their Lovers; their Hopes live and die in the small Compass of a Day; they have not the least Notion of loving and being belov'd; and are employ'd only in what the World so injudiciously miscalls Enjoyment.

Favours



Temple of VENUS, &c. 31

Favours consist of nothing but their peculiar Existence, and all that Train of Circumstances that accompany 'em so suitably ; those inestimable Nothings ; those Engagements that always magnify 'emselfes ; those very valuable Trifles ; every Thing that is a Kind of Prelude to the happy Minute ; that Crowd of Conquests instead of one ; so many Enjoyments before the last ---- All these Things are unknown at *Cibaris*.

However, had they but the least Shadow of Modesty remaining, that faint Image of Virtue, might still have the Faculty to please ; but alas ! their Eyes have accustom'd 'emselfes to behold, and their Ears to listen to, even the most offensive Things.

A Multiplicity of Pleasures is so far from giving the *Cibarites* a Taste for Delicacy, that they are now altogether incapable of distinguishing one Sensation from another.

They consume away Life in Pleasures merely external, and abandon one anxious Delight for another that will  
still

still be insupportably anxious. Every Idea is a new Subject of Distaste.

Their Souls, insensible to Pleasure, seem to have no Delicacy but for Pain. A *Cibarite* cou'd not close his Eyes a whole Night-long, because a Rose-leaf was folded in his Bed.

Their Bodies are so enervated by Effeminacy, that they are unable to lift up the lightest Burdens; their Legs totter beneath the Weight of their Bodies; they faint away in the easiest Vehicles; and when they are at Entertainments, their Appetites sicken every Moment.

They loll away their Lives in easy Chairs, in which they are oblig'd to repose 'emselves from Morning till Night, without having been fatigu'd; but they feel inexpressible Torments when they are forc'd to languish away the tedious Moments in another Place.

Incapable of supporting the Weight of their Arms; fearful before their Fellow-Citizens; unmanly before Strangers; they are Slaves ready to bow their supple Necks to the first Master.

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I was no sooner capable of Reflection, but I loath'd inglorious *Cibaris*. I love Virtue, and have always stood in awe of the immortal Gods. Ah, no! says I to myself, I will no longer breathe this pestiferous Air; these luxurious Slaves were form'd to live and die in their Country, and I to abandon it.

I went to pay my last Devotions in the Temple, when drawing near the Altars, on which my Father had so often sacrific'd. Great Goddess, says I with a loud Voice, I abandon thy Temple, but not thy Worship; in whatever Part of the World Fortune shall throw me, fragrant Incense shall smoke in thy Honour, but it shall be more pure and grateful, than that which they offer up to thee in *Cibaris*.

I left it, and arriv'd at *Crete*. This Island abounds with Monuments of the extravagant Fury of Love. We there see the Brazen Bull, carv'd by the Hand of *Dædalus*, to deceive or satisfy the unaccountable Frenzy of *Pasiphae*: The Labyrinth, whose cunning Artifice Love only cou'd elude; the Tomb of *Phædra*,  
who

who terrified the Sun no less than her Mother had done; and the Temple of the disconsolate *Ariadne*, who tho' abandon'd in the lonely Desert, by *Theseus*, did not yet repent her having follow'd that Ingrate.

We there behold the Palace of *Idomeneus*, whose Return was as improper as that of the other *Grecian* Chiefs, for all those that had escap'd the Dangers of an angry Element, met with a worse Fate in their own Houses: *Venus* made 'em embrace Wives that were false and perfidious, and they died by that Hand which they thought most dear, most tender.

I left that Island, so odious to a Goddess, who was to make me, one Day, compleatly happy. I took Shipping again, and the Tempest threw me upon *Lesbos*. This Island also is very little favour'd by *Venus*. She has taken from their Women the becoming Blush, their Weakness of Body, and the Timidity of their Souls. Powerful *Venus*, make the Hearts of the *Lesbian* Maids burn with lawful Fires; fill not



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a human Breast with so much Horror!  
*Mitylene* is the capital City of *Lesbos*,  
'tis here the tender *Sapho* first breath'd  
the vital Air. Immortal as the Muses,  
that unhappy Maid burns with a never  
dying Flame. Detesting her wretched  
self, with Anguish flowing from her  
transcendant Charms, she abhors her  
Sex, yet is always seeking after it.  
Alas! says she, is it possible that so  
idle a Flame shou'd rage with so much  
Violence. Oh *Cupid*! thou art a thou-  
sand Times more formidable in thy  
Smiles than in thy Frowns.

I at length left *Lesbos*, and Fate  
conducted me to the Island of *Lemnos*,  
still more prophane. *Venus* has no Tem-  
ple built in her Honour in this Place,  
nor have the *Lemnians* ever directed  
their Vows to her. We condemn, say  
they, a Worship that softens the Heart;  
the Goddess has often punish'd 'em for  
their Impiety; but they suffer the Ven-  
geance due to their Crime without at-  
toning for it, ever more impious the  
more they are afflicted.



I put out to Sea again, still in Search of some Land, on which the Gods look down with Pleasure; the Winds wafted me to *Delos*. I continued a few Months in that sacred Isle; but whether it be that the Gods do sometimes prevent us in what is to happen to us, or that our Souls do still retain from that Divinity to which they owe their Original, some faint Knowledge of Futurity; I felt that my Destiny, nay even my Happiness call'd me to another Region.

As I was one Night enjoying that sweet Serenity, in which the Soul seems to be freed from the Chain that binds her down, there appeared to me----- I did not know at first whether it was a Mortal or a Goddess. A secret Charm had spread itself over all her divine Form: She was less beautiful, but as enchanting as *Venus*; each distinct Feature was not exactly regular, but the whole was surprizingly beautiful; they did not create Admiration, but wounded the Beholder; her yellow Tresses fell negligently upon her Shoulders, but that Negligence was graceful; her Shape

was

Temple of VENUS, &c. 37

was charming, she had that Air which Nature only bestows, a Secret that baffles the Touches of the most exquisite Pencil. She saw my Confusion and smil'd: Gods, how lovely was her Smile! I am, says she, with a Voice that thrill'd my Veins, the second of the Graces; *Venus*, whose Messenger I am, will make thee happy; but thou must go and adore her in her Temple, at *Cnidus*-----she vanish'd,----my Arms grasp'd after her,----my Dream glided away with her, and left me nought but a sweet Regret, that I saw her no more, mix'd with the Delight her Idea left in my Memory.

I then left the Island of *Delos*; arriv'd at *Cnidus*; and can affirm that I immediately breath'd the soft Air of Love; I felt----but cannot well express what I felt: My Breast was not yet inform'd with Love; but yet I sought after a lovely Object: My Heart glow'd as in the Presence of some divine Beauty. I went forward, and saw at a Distance a Company of young Maidens sporting in the Mead; a secret Attraction drew me  
E                      insensibly

insensibly towards 'em. Foolish Wretch that I am, says I, my Heart, unfix'd on any Object, rages with all the wild Confusion of Love; 'tis already on the Wing towards Objects unknown, which yet fill it with Disquietude. I drew near, and saw the lovely *Themiris*; Nature had undoubtedly form'd us for each other: I gaz'd with eager Eyes on her only, and believe I shou'd have died with Grief, had she not glanc'd upon me with her Love-darting Eyes. Powerful *Venus*, cry'd I aloud, since 'tis by thy Means that I am to be happy, grant that it may be with this Shepherdess. I resign my Claim to all other Beauties, she alone will make good all thy Promises, and be the eternal Subject of my Wishes.

I reveal'd my tender Passion to the young *Aristæus*, which made him sigh out his own; I eas'd his Love-sick Heart, in beseeching him to disburthen it to me. These are his very Words, I shall not forget a single Circumstance, since I am inspir'd by the same God that gave him Utterance.

All

Temple of VENUS, &c. 39

All the Incidents that compose the following Relation, are remarkable only for their Simplicity. My Adventures consist of nothing but the Sentiments of a tender Heart; of my Pleasures and my Pains: And as my Passion for *Camilla* is the Happiness, so is it alone the whole Story of my Life.

*Camilla* is Daughter to one of the principal Inhabitants of *Cnidus*; she's beautiful, but then she shines with Graces more lovely than Beauty itself; she has a Face that will soon be painted in every Heart: All such Women as form tender Wishes, implore the Gods to make 'em graceful as *Camilla*. The Men that behold her, either wish to gaze eternally upon her, or dread to see her again. She has a lovely Shape, a majestick, but modest Air; a piercing Eye, that will soon look yielding: Features exactly suited to each other, and Charms invisibly form'd to triumph over every Heart.

*Camilla* is not solicitous about Ornament, but she dresses with a better Air than the rest of her Sex.



Wit, that Nature usually forbids to join with Beauty, is particularly conspicuous in her; she can be either gay or serious; she this Moment delivers the most judicious Sentiments, and the next will trifle as agreeably as the Graces.

The more Wit a Person has, the more he finds in *Camilla*; she is blest with so sweet a Simplicity, that her Words seem to be the very Image of her Heart. Every thing she speaks, every thing she acts, has in it the unadulterated Charms of primitive Innocence: In her you always meet with the unaffected Shepherdess; those Graces so sprightly, so airy, so delicate, are the Objects of Notice, but they strike more irresistibly upon the Soul. Yet with all these Advantages am I dear to *Camilla*; she is overjoy'd when she sees me, and pines when I leave her; and, as tho' it were possible for me to live without her, makes me promise to return back to her. I give her repeated Protestations of the Greatness of my Passion, and she believes me; I tell her that

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I adore her, and she is sensible of it; but appears as transported as if she knew nothing of the Matter. When I assure her that she's the only Happiness of my Life, she answers, that I am her only Felicity; and to say all, she loves me so tenderly, as wou'd almost persuade me, that I deserv'd it.

I had now spent a Month in *Camilla's* Company, without daring so much as to mention a Word of my Passion, nay, had hardly the Confidence to break it to myself: The more lovely she appear'd, the less Hopes I had to touch her Heart: *Camilla*, I was transported with the Lustre of thy Charms; but they silently told me I was not worthy to possess 'em.

Where-ever I came I endeavour'd to forget thee, and wou'd gladly have blotted thy divine Image from my Heart; but happily for me I fail'd in my Attempt, thy Image is still there, and will be so eternally.

I told *Camilla* that the Hurry of the World had been once delightful to me, but now, I seek says I, the peace-

ful Shade: I once had ambitious Views, but now the Enjoyment of thy Presence is the End of all my Wishes; I was for wandering to the most distant Climes, but now my Heart is an Inhabitant of those Places only, where thou art pleas'd to reside: Every Thing but thee fades in my Eye.

When *Camilla* has breath'd out her Passion, in the softest, sincerest Words, she has still something more to say: She fancies she has forgot what she has so often repeated to me, with a thousand Protestations. I am so enchanted with the Sounds, that I sometimes feign an Unbelief, purely that she may melt my tender Heart again; we are then soon bless'd with that happy Silence, the most soft, most emphatick Language of Lovers.

When Absence has taken me from my dear *Camilla*, I wish the Time was come, when I may tell her all I have either seen or heard: What idle Tales dost thou amuse me with, says she, let Love only supply the Theme; or if,  
(unkind

Temple of VENUS, &c. 43

(unkind Swain) thou hast nothing to relate, give me leave to tell my Story.

She sometimes clasps me in her Arms, and says, thou art melancholy : 'Tis true, says I, but the Melancholy of Lovers is delightful : I feel the Tears bedewing my Cheek, but know not why they flow, since I am dear to thee ; I have no Reason to pour out my Soul in Complaints ; yet, alas ! I complain : Do not wake me out of this sweet Languishment ; let me sigh out, at the same Time, my Pleasure and my Pain.

In the Transports of my Passion my Soul is all Tumult ; 'tis hurry'd away towards an un-enjoy'd Happiness ; but on the contrary, I now am seized with the blackest Melancholy ; wipe not away my Tears, let me weep, since I am happy.

Sometimes my *Camilla* says--do, love me,---yes, I do love thee : But in what Manner, answers she ? Alas ! says I to her, I love thee as I have ever done ; for 'tis impossible to compare the Passion I now have for thee, but to that I once had for thy dear self.

The



The Praise of *Camilla* is the Subject of all that know her, and they flatter me as agreeably as if I were the Subject of it, when I perceive in that Moment that I have a Principle of Self-love in me.

When we are together in Company, there is so much Wit in every Word she utters, that I am all Rapture with the most trifling Expression; but shou'd be still better pleas'd if she were altogether silent.

Whenever I meet with any one that has a Share in her Friendship, I wish that I were the happy Object of it; when I immediately consider that I should not then be bless'd with the Enjoyment of her Love.

Beware, *Camilla*, of the Hypocrisy of Lovers, they will say they love thee, and speak nothing but the Truth; they will protest they love thee as passionately as I do, but I swear by the immortal Gods, that mine is the brightest Flame.

When I perceive her at a Distance my Mind strays from me; she comes forward,

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forward, and my Heart begins to pant; I go to her, when methinks my Soul is on the Wing, that my Soul is *Camilla's*, and just going to animate her lovely Body.

I sometimes endeavour to steal a Favour from her, which she refuses me, and the next Moment grants me another; there is no Artifice in all this; big with the Struggles of her Passion and a Maiden-Bashfulness, she wou'd fain refuse, and wou'd as willingly gratify me in all I cou'd wish. Does not my Love satisfy you, says she, what can you wish for more than my Heart? I cou'd wish, says I, that you wou'd, for my Sake, give into a Failing, which as it's owing to Love, the Greatness of the Passion will sufficiently plead its Excuse.

If I should ever banish thee, my adorable *Camilla*, from my Heart, may the fatal Sister be deceiv'd, and mistake this Day for my last! may she cut off the Remainder of a Life, which I shou'd think compleatly wretched, whenever I reflected upon the tender Moments I had pass'd in blisful Love.

Here

Here *Aristaus* sigh'd, and said no more;  
and I easily perceiv'd that the only Motive of his Silence was, that he might reflect at leisure upon the charming *Camilla*.

## C A N T O VI.

While we were thus amusing ourselves with the Story of our Loves, we stray'd we knew not whither, and after we had wandred up and down a considerable Time, struck into a spacious Meadow, and were carry'd thro' a flow'ry Path to the Foot of an impending Rock that affrights the Beholder: we there saw a gloomy Cavern, and enter'd it, thinking it to be the Habitation of some Mortal: But, Gods! who cou'd have imagin'd it to be so fatal a Place. I had scarce set my Foot in it, when I was seiz'd with a Trembling all over my Body; my Hair stood erect, an invisible Hand dragg'd me into this fatal Place. The more my Heart heav'd in my Breast, the more it endeavour'd to heave: Dear Friend, says I, let us still advance forward,

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ward, tho' by it we increase our Woes.  
I then enter'd the Place, that had never been enlightened by the chearful Rays of the Sun, nor shaken by the Winds, when immediately Jealousy presented herself to my View; her Aspect was rather gloomy than terrible; Pale-ness, Sorrow and Silence stood round about her; rueful Cares hover'd over her; she breath'd upon us, laid her Hand on our Hearts, struck us on the Head, when every Image of our Fancy had a Monster-like Appearance. Advance, says she, wretched Mortals, advance towards a Goddess, whose Power is more unlimited than mine. By the glimmering Light that issued forth from the inflam'd Tongues of the Serpents, that whistled round the Head of Fury, we discover'd that hideous Divinity. She tore off one of her hissing Serpents, and hurl'd it at me, I endeavour'd to catch it, but it had already crept unperceiv'd into my Heart. I was stiff and senseless for a Moment, like one blasted with Lightning; no sooner had the Poison insinuated itself into my Veins,



Veins, but I thought myself in the Midst of Hell; my Soul was all on Flame, and in the Hurry of my Transports, my Body cou'd scarce contain it; my Torments were so violent, that I fancy'd myself under the Lash of the Furies; so that I at length grew frantick. We ran an hundred times round and round that dismal Cavern; we ran from Jealousy to Fury, and from Fury to Jealousy; we rav'd aloud for *Camilla*; we rav'd aloud for *Themiris*; but if we had met with either of 'em, in our delirious Fury, they wou'd have fallen Victims to our Rage and Madness.

At length the chearful Light began to break in upon us, it was offensive to our Eyes, and we almost regretted the frightful Cavern we were come out of; we sunk down thro' Weariness, and even that Ease was intolerable: Our Eyes forbid our Tears to flow, and our Hearts were unable to form a Sigh.

I was happy, however, in the Enjoyment of a Moment's Tranquillity. Sleep was now beginning to shed his drowsy Poppies over my heavy Eyelids.

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lids. But, Gods, how troublesome were my Slumbers ! Images, more terrible than the palest Shade, were ever dancing before my deluded Fancy. I started every Moment in my Sleep at the Infidelity of *Themiris* ; I saw her--- No, I dare not yet reveal what I saw ; for what was only Imagination in my waking Thoughts, was now verified in the Horrors of my frightful Dream.

I must then be forc'd, says I, (raising myself from the Ground) to fly the Light no less than Darknefs. *Themiris*, the cruel *Themiris*, tortures me like one of the Furies. Who cou'd ever have imagin'd, that my Happiness wou'd be to forget her eternally ?

I was again seiz'd with a frantick Fit : Rise, rise, says I, my Friend--- let us go and destroy those Flocks that browse in yon Meadow. Let us infest those Shepherds that are so happy in their Loves. But no ! I see a Temple at a Distance, 'tis, perhaps, dedicated to Love ; let us fly, let's demolish it, let us throw down his Statue, and make our Fury terrible to him. We  
F ran,

ran, when the extravagant Desire of  
perpetrating a Crime, seem'd to inspire  
us with recruited Vigour. We bounded  
over the Woods, the Lawns, the Meads,  
nothing cou'd stop our mad Course; in  
vain a Hill oppos'd its Heighth to us,  
we ascended it, and enter'd the Tem-  
ple, which we found to be sacred to  
*Bacchus*; but how omnipotent are  
the Gods!----Our Fury was calm'd in  
an Instant! we gaz'd upon each other,  
and were surpriz'd at the raging Disorder  
we had so lately been thrown  
into.

All powerful God, cries I with a loud  
Voice, I do not so much offer up to  
thee my grateful Thanks, for having  
calm'd my Fury; as that thou hast pre-  
vented my committing a most horrid  
Crime: When drawing near to the  
Priestess-----We are dear to the God  
that has hush'd our tumultuous Tran-  
sports: We had scarce set our Feet  
in this Place, but we felt the Influence  
of his immediate Favour: We will sa-  
crifice *at his Altars*; condescend, oh  
divine

Temple of VENUS, &c. 51

divine Priestess, to offer it up for us: I sought a Victim and laid it at her Feet.

Whilst the Priestess was preparing to strike the mortal Blow, *Aristæus* pronounc'd the following Words: Divine *Bacchus!* thou art pleas'd to see Joy sparkling in every Countenance, our Pleasures are thy Worship; thou dost refuse all Adoration but that which is paid thee by the propitious Part of Mortals.

Thou dost sometimes sweetly elude our enchanted Reason; and art only capable of restoring it, when some invidious Deity has depriv'd us of it.

Love is tortur'd and enslav'd by black Jealousy; but 'tis thou that dost rescue it from her unjust Usurpation over our Hearts, and drives her back to her dreadful Habitation.

No sooner was the Sacrifice ended, but all the People crowded about us, and I related to the Priestess the cruel Torments we had endur'd in the hideous Cave of Jealousy: On a sudden our Ears were struck with a stunning Noise, and a confus'd Sound of Voices,



accompany'd with Musical Instruments. We left the Temple, and saw advancing towards us a Company of *Bacchæ*, who struck the Ground with their *Thyrsis*, screaming aloud *Ebue*. Old *Silenus* follow'd mounted upon an Ass; his Head seem'd to stoop towards the Earth, and his Body was no sooner unsupported, but it totter'd as it were in *Cadence*; then came up his Train with Faces smear'd over with Wine-Lees. Next appear'd *Pan* with his Pipe, and the Satyrs surrounding their Monarch. Joy mix'd with Confusion triumph'd in the mad Scene; a pleasing Extravagance had united together Sports, Festivity, Dances and Songs. The enliv'ning Grape made 'em sprightly, and their Sprightliness made 'em love the Grape. At length *Bacchus* appear'd; he was mounted on his Chariot, drawn by Tygers, like as when the *Ganges* saw him at the Extremity of the Universe, diffusing Joy and Victory in every Region.

On one Side of him sat the beautiful *Ariadne*: Lovely Princess, you were still

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still complaining of the Ingratitude of the false *Theseus*! when the God took away your Diadem, and lodg'd it in the Skies, he dry'd up your fast-flowing Tears. Had you not refrain'd weeping, your Afflictions, tho' you are but a Mortal, wou'd have made a God more unhappy than yourself. He thus address'd you,-----Dear *Ariadne* love me; *Theseus* flies you; reflect no longer upon his Passion, forget even his Falsehood; I will bestow Immortality upon you, that I may love you eternally.

I beheld *Bacchus* descending from his Chariot; I saw *Ariadne* alight, and haste into the Temple. Amiable Divinity, says she, let us ever inhabit these delightful Regions, and here sigh out our Loves; let us diffuse eternal Joy in these happy Climes: 'Tis near these propitious Places, that the sovereign Empress of Hearts, has establish'd the Seat of her Empire; and that the God of Joy reigns with an uninterrupted Tranquillity, and augments the Felicity of this already so happy People.

As for me, powerful God, I already feel that I love thee more and more, and that thou may'st, one Day, appear more amiable in my Eyes : Immortal Beings only are capable of loving to Excess, and with an eternal Increase of Passion ; they alone enjoy even beyond the utmost Limits of their Hopes ; and are less bounded by Possession than Desire.

Here will I love thee with a never-dying Flame ; in Heaven Glory is the sole Employment of the celestial Mind : *Cupid* exercises his Sway upon the Earth, and in rural Plains only ; and whilst the Band is giving a Loose to frantick Delights, my Joy, my Sighs, nay even my Tears, shall be eternal Testimonies of the Greatness of my Passion.

The God, smiling upon *Ariadne*, led her into the Sanctuary : Pleasure took Possession of our Hearts, and we felt a divine Impulse : Frantick-like *Silenus* and the *Bacchæ*, we each took up a *Thyrsis*, and mix'd in the Harmony and the Dance.

C A N T O

C A N T O VII.

We left these Places, sacred to *Bacchus*, but were soon sensible that our Evils had been only suspended. The Furies did not, indeed, torture us afresh; but a gloomy Sadness sat brooding o'er our Souls, so that we were now become a Prey to the blackest Suspicions and Disquietudes.

We imagin'd that the sole Motive of the cruel Goddess's torturing us in the Manner she had done, was only to make us sensible of the Torments which Fate had decreed we shou'd, one Day, suffer.

We sometimes regretted the Temple of *Bacchus*, and the next Moment we were hurried towards that of *Cnidus*; we wish'd to see *Themiris* and *Camilla*, those powerful Objects of Love and Jealousy.

But we were insensible to all that sweet Languishment, which is usually felt, when the happy Minute is approaching, that we are to feast our  
Eyes



Eyes with the Object of our Love ;  
the Soul is already all Extasy, and  
seems to have an Antepast of the self-  
promis'd Bliss.

Probably, says *Aristæus*, I may find  
the Shepherd *Licas* with my *Camilla*,  
who can say that he is not now en-  
tertaining with his idle Discourse. Ye  
Gods, the faithless Woman is delighted  
with his Tale !

'Twas rumour'd the other Day, con-  
tinued I, that *Thyrsis*, who was once so  
passionately in Love with *Themiris*, was  
to come to *Cnidus* ; he has lov'd her,  
and undoubtedly loves her still : I must  
dispute with him a Heart, which I flat-  
ter'd myself was mine, and mine only.  
*Licas*, the other Day, sung in Praise  
of my *Camilla* ; senseless Wretch that  
I was, my Heart leap'd at the Sounds !

I well remember the Day when *Thyr-  
sis* made a Present of new-blown Flow-  
ers to my *Themiris* : How unhappy is  
my Fate, she has stuck 'em in her  
Breast ! they are, says she, the Gift of  
*Thyrsis* ; but oh ! I shou'd have torn  
em

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'em from thence, and have stamp't 'em under my Feet.

I went, not long since, with *Camilla* to sacrifice two Turtles at the Altar of *Venus*; but they got from me, and sprung up into the Clouds.

I had engrav'd my Name, and that of my *Themiris*, upon a thousand Trees; on them I had recorded the Story of our Loves, and was eternally reading 'em over; but unhappily one Morning I found 'em eraz'd.

Reduce not, my *Camilla*, an unhappy Wretch that loves thee to the Extremes of Despair; an irritated Passion may have the same Effect as the most inveterate Hate.

I'll pursue the first *Cnidian* that shall so much as dare to look upon my *Themiris*, to the very Temple of *Venus*, and will make him feel the dire Effects of my severest Vengeance, even at the Foot of her Statue.

We were, by this Time, arriv'd at the sacred Cavern, whence the Goddess pronounces the Oracle. The prodigious Assembly of People was like the crowd-  
ing

ing Billows in a tempestuous Sea. On this Side, incredible Numbers were coming from consulting the Oracle; on that, as many more were going to consult it.

We mix'd in the Crowd, and I soon lost the happy *Aristæus*; he was, by this Time, clasp'd in the Embraces of his *Camilla*; but unhappy me! I was still seeking my *Themiris*.

I at last met with her; my Jealousy rag'd with redoubled Madness at the Sight, my former Fury began to torture again my Breast; but she glanc'd upon me-----and I was immediately calm. 'Tis thus the Gods repel the Furies, whenever they dare issue forth from their infernal Habitations.

Gods, says she, how many Tears hast thou cost me! thrice has the unwearied Sun perform'd his Course; I was afraid I had lost thee for ever, I tremble at the Thought, I have consulted the Oracle, but did not ask if I had a Place in thy Heart; alas! all I wanted to know, was whether thou wert still numbred among the Living; *Venus,*

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*mus*, this Moment, told me that I am as dear to thee as ever.

Forgive, says I, an unhappy Wretch who wou'd have hated thee, but that his Soul was incapable of it; the Gods who made me may deprive me of my Understanding; but dearest *Themiris*, 'tis impossible for 'em to rob me of my Passion.

The Torments my Soul has suffer'd by direful Jealousy, have been as great as those inflicted on the infernal Shades; but I thence draw this Advantage, the dreadful Condition the Fear of losing thee had thrown me into, makes me better taste the Happiness there is in being the Object of thy Love.

Come then away with me, let us retire into this solitary Grove, I will expiate my Crimes by the Violence of my Passion, for 'tis, oh my *Themiris*, an unpardonable Crime to believe thee capable of being false.

Never were the *Elizian* Fields, which the Gods have planted with an immortal Hand, where the happy Shades enjoy an uninterrupted Tranquillity;  
never



never were the vocal Forests of *Donna*, that declare to Mortals their future Felicity ; never were the Gardens of the *Hesperides*, whose Trees bend with the Weight of their golden Fruit, more delightful than this Grove, enchanted by the Presence of *Themiris*.

I remember that a Satyr, who was pursuing a Nymph bath'd in Tears, saw us, and stop'd. Propitious Lovers, says he, your Eyes are well instructed in their emphatic Language ; your Sighs are repay'd with a Sigh ; but Woe is me ! my Life is spent in the Pursuit of an unrelenting Shepherdess : Unhappy in the Chace, but still more so when I have overtaken her.

A blooming Nymph, who was wandering alone in these unfrequented Woods, perceiv'd us, when her Bosom heav'd with a tender Sigh. Ah no ! says she, 'tis but to increase my Pain that cruel *Cupid* has brought a tender Youth in my akeing Sight.

We found *Apollo* sitting near a Fountain's Brink, he was in Pursuit of *Diana*, who had follow'd a Hind, that had  
taken

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taken Shelter in these Shades: His golden  
Tresses, and the Train of Immortals that  
were around, declar'd the God. His  
Fingers sweep the sounding Lyre; his  
divine Harmony draws down the won-  
d'ring Rocks; the Trees lead up the  
Dance; the Lions stand fix'd and im-  
moveable; but in vain were we call'd  
upon by these enchanting Sounds; we  
pierc'd still farther into the Forest.

Is it possible for you to imagine where  
I at last found *Cupid*? He was seated  
on the Lips of *Themiris*; I afterwards  
saw him in her Bosom; he flew down  
to her Feet, but I still found him out  
there; he hid himself beneath her Gir-  
dle, I follow'd him, and shou'd never  
have given over the Pursuit, if *The-  
miris*, the incens'd *Themiris* dissolv'd  
in Tears, had not put an End to the  
Chace: He had now taken Refuge in  
his last Recess, 'tis so enchantingly de-  
lightful, that he is unable to leave it.  
'Tis thus a tender Nightingale, whom  
Fear and Love keeps brooding o'er  
her Young, does not offer to fly from  
the rapacious Hand, that is going to  
G ravish

ravish 'em; unable to abandon the only Objects of her Joy.

Unhappy me! *Themiris* listen'd to my Complaints, but they did not soften the Rigour of her obdurate Heart: She was attentive to my Prayers, but heighten'd her Severity; I, at last, grew bold; she resent'd it, and I trembled; she look'd angry, I wept; she threw me from her, I fell, and found that the Sighs I then vented, were going to be my last, if *Themiris* had not laid her Hand on my Heart, and awaken'd me into Life again.

Ah, no! says she, I am less cruel than thou, for I never sought after thy Death, and thou art endeavouring to hurry me to the cold, the silent Grave.

Open thy dying Eyes, unless thou art desirous that mine shou'd close 'em-felves for ever.

She clasp'd me in her Arms; my my Pardon was seal'd, but, alas! without Hopes of becoming deliciously Criminal.

F I N I S.



